

No. 1.

VITTLE BRANCHES

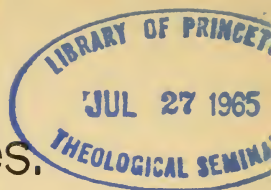
Crash Gabriel.
W. S. Nickle

PRODUCED BY
MEYER & BROTHER,
103 WASHINGTON ST.,
CHICAGO, ILL.

REPRODUCED FROM THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT

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Little Branches.



A COLLECTION OF
Songs Prepared Especially

FOR THE

Primary *and* Infant Departments

OF THE

SUNDAY SCHOOL,

BY

CHAS. H. GABRIEL

AND

W. S. NICKLE.

PUBLISHED BY
MEYER & BROTHER,
108 Washington Street,
CHICAGO.

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SCP
3652

PREFACE.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not. for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

IN the preparation of the within pages, we have kept in mind the words of Paul:—"When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child."—and have endeavored to produce for the little people a collection of cheerful, tuneful, pleasing and instructive childish songs; not a symposium of poetic genius or classic harmonies, but a variety of such easy rhymes and melody as will be quickly learned and appreciated by those for whom we labor, and to whom we dedicate this little work—the children.

"And whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me."

Chicago, 1893.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL,
W. S. NICKLE.

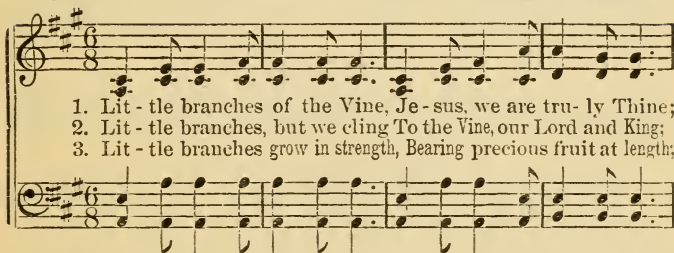
LITTLE BRANCHES.

No. 1.

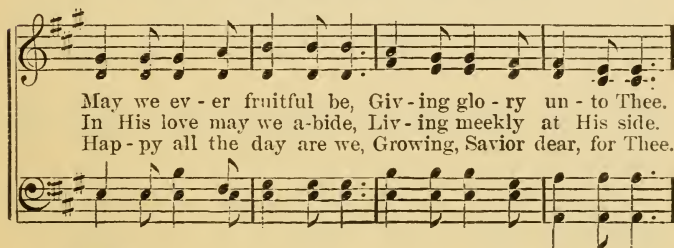
Little Branches.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

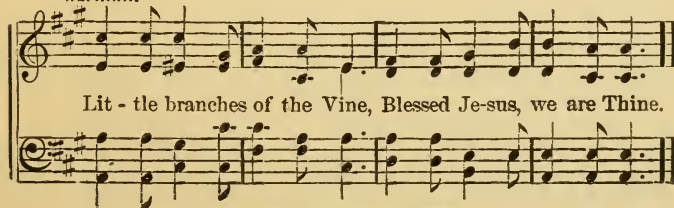


1. Lit - tle branches of the Vine, Je - sus, we are tru - ly Thine;
2. Lit - tle branches, but we cling To the Vine, our Lord and King;
3. Lit - tle branches grow in strength, Bearing precious fruit at length;



May we ev - er fruitful be, Giv - ing glo - ry un - to Thee.
In His love may we a-bide, Liv - ing meekly at His side.
Hap - py all the day are we, Growing, Savior dear, for Thee.

REFRAIN.



Lit - tle branches of the Vine, Blessed Je - sus, we are Thine.

No. 2.

Branches of the Vine.

Mrs. IDA M. BUDD.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Je - sus the liv - ing Vine is, We are the branches small;
 2. God is the great Vine-dresser, To Him the fruits be - long;
 3. Kindness, and love, and patience, These are the fruits so fair,
 4. Let us, dear God, be faith - ful, That when Thy face we see,

If we a - bide not in Him, We can - not grow at all.
 He helps the lit - tle branches Fruit - ful to be, and strong.
 That e'en the small - est branches Of the great Vine may bear.
 We may with joy and gladness Of - fer our fruits to Thee.

CHORUS.

Help us, O lov - ing Fa - ther, Dai - ly to grow for Thee;

That in the great here - aft - er, We may Thy beau - ty see.

No. 3.

Little Soldiers.

L. E. JONES.

W. S. NICKLE.

1. We are lit - tle Sol - diers Of the King a - bove;
 2. Marching on to vic - t'ry, Je - sus leads the way;
 3. Foes are all a - round us, But we need not fear;

We are march - ing on - ward, Trust - ing in His love.
 May our hearts and voic - es Praise Him all the day.
 Naught can ev - er harm us When the Lord is near.

CHORUS.

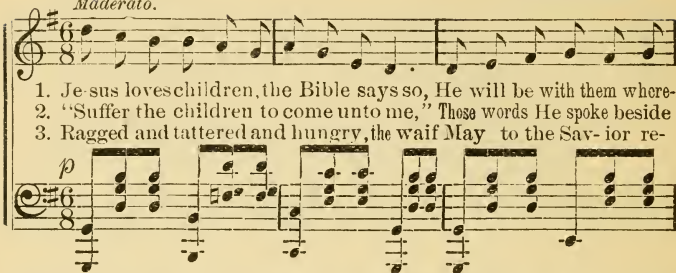
Hail, all hail! a thou - sand voic - es sing,

Hail, all hail! to Christ the chil - dren's King.

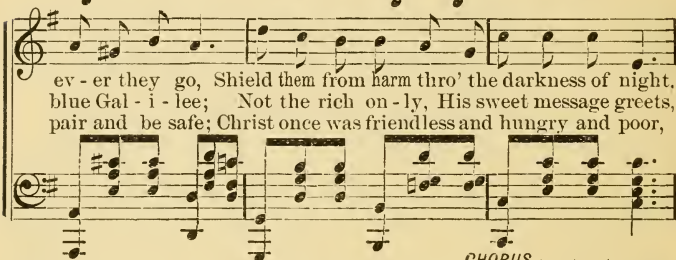
No. 4. Even the Waifs of the Street,

J. A. FRASER, JR.
Moderato.

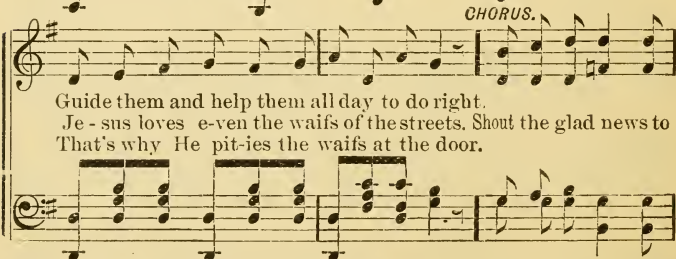
FRED WELDEN.



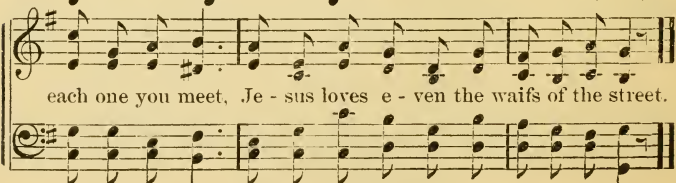
1. Je - sus loves children, the Bible says so, He will be with them where-
2. "Suffer the children to come unto me," Those words He spoke beside
3. Ragged and tattered and hungry, the waif May to the Sav-ior re-



ev - er they go, Shield them from harm thro' the darkness of night,
blue Gal - i - lee; Not the rich on - ly, His sweet message greets,
pair and be safe; Christ once was friendless and hungry and poor,



CHORUS.
Guide them and help them all day to do right.
Je - sus loves e - ven the waifs of the streets. Shout the glad news to
That's why He pit-ies the waifs at the door.



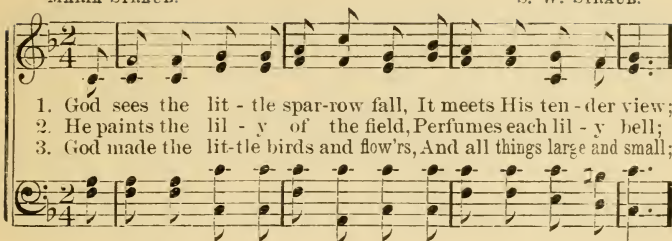
each one you meet, Je - sus loves e - ven the waifs of the street.

No. 1

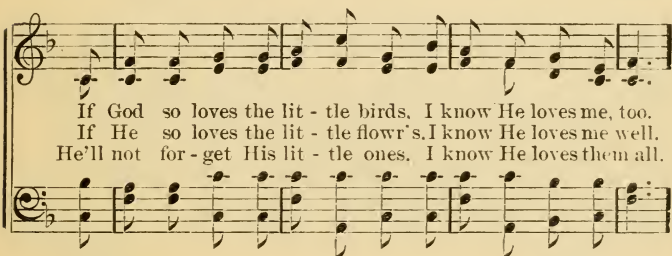
He Loves Me, Too.

MARIA STRAUB.

S. W. STRAUB.

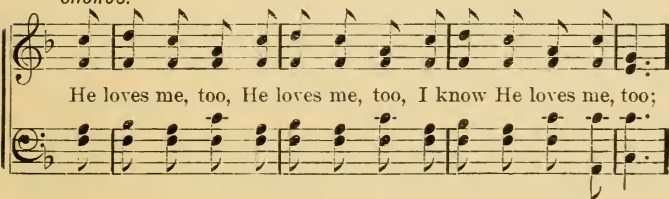


1. God sees the lit - tle spar-row fall, It meets His ten - der view;
 2. He paints the lil - y of the field, Perfumes each lil - y bell;
 3. God made the lit-tle birds and flow'rs, And all things large and small;

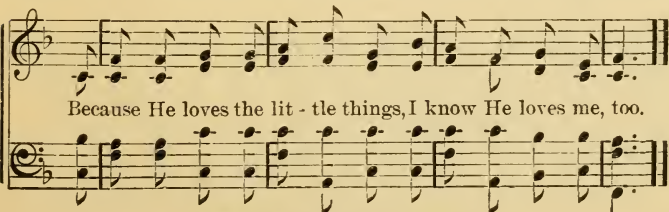


If God so loves the lit - tle birds, I know He loves me, too.
 If He so loves the lit - tle flow'rs, I know He loves me well.
 He'll not for - get His lit - tle ones, I know He loves them all.

CHORUS.



He loves me, too, He loves me, too, I know He loves me, too;



Because He loves the lit - tle things, I know He loves me, too.

No. 6.

Jesus' Little Ones.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

SOLO.

1 Je - sus' lit - tle ones are we, From all sin we would be free;
 2. In the straight and nar-row way, He will lead us day by day.
 3. Tho' these lit-tle hands are frail, And their strength can not a-vail,

More like Him would dai-ly be, For He loves us so.
 Seek us when we go a - stray, For He loves us so.
 Je - sus' love will nev - er fail, For He loves us so.

CHORUS.

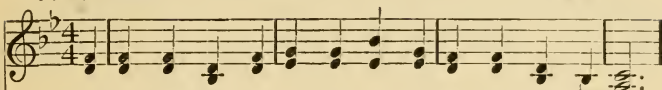
Je - sus is the Morning Star, We His lit-tle chil-dren are:

And He watches from a - far, For He loves us so.

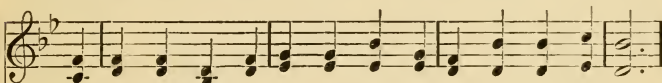
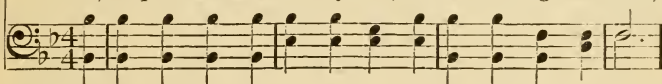
No. 7. Our Hearts O'erflow with Praises.

D. W. EBERT.

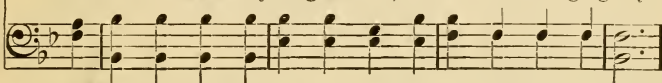
HARRY J. KURZENKNABE.



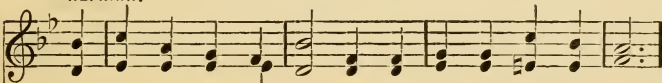
1. Dear Lord, Thy lit - tle lambs are we, Thy blessings come to share;
2. Our hearts, dear Lord, are fill'd with glee, Our hands with flowers, too;
3. Lord, keep us safe with-in Thy fold, As car - ols bright we raise;



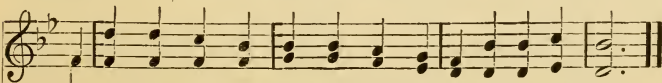
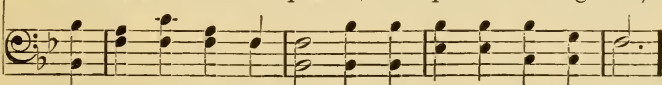
Thy grace has kept us close to Thee, Like shelter'd blossoms fair.
Love's tribute now we bring to Thee, Af-fec-tion's emblem true.
To cheer the hearts of young and old, Thro' all our changing days.



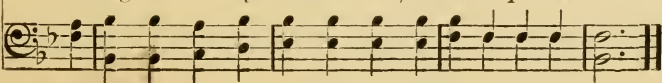
REFRAIN.



Our hearts o'erflow with prais-es, Ac-cept the off'ring meet;



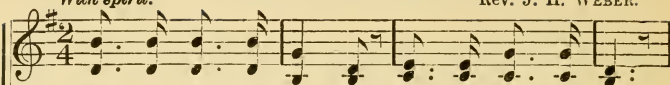
The fragrance of Thy children's love, In tribute pure and sweet.



No. 8.

Little Reapers.

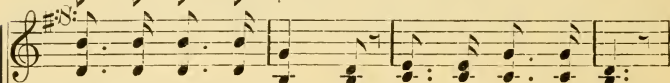
Rev. J. H. WEBER.

With spirit.

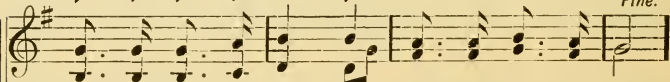
1. We are lit - tle reap - ers, Toil - ing thro' the day,
 2. We are lit - tle reap - ers, In the fields of sin,
 3. We are lit - tle reap - ers, In the har - vest field,



Lab - ring in the har - vest O'er the ston - y way;
 Striv - ing for the Mas - ter Pre - cious souls to win;
 Truth and right the sick - les That we there do wield;



Glean - ing 'mong the this - tles, Search - ing thro' the rain,
 Point - ing them to Je - sus, To the Lamb of God,
 And we la - bor ev - er, 'Neath our Fa - ther's eye,

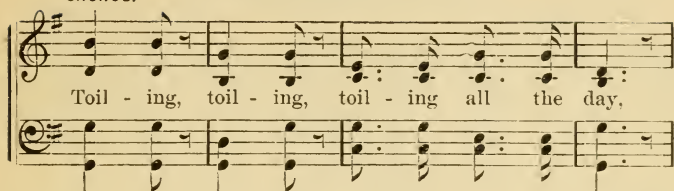
*Fine.*

Fit - ting for the gar - ner Bright and gold - en grain.
 Fol - low - ing his foot - steps In the paths He trod.
 Gath - er - ing the bright sheaves For the home on high.



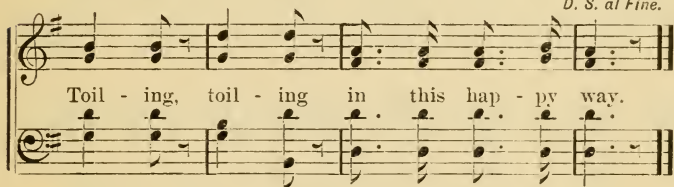
Little Reapers. Concluded.

CHORUS.



Toil - ing, toil - ing, toil - ing all the day,

D. S. al Fine.



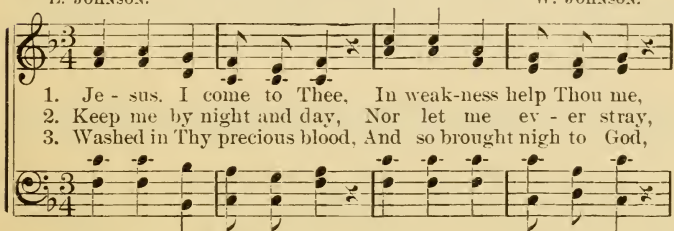
Toil - ing, toil - ing in this hap - py way.

No. 9.

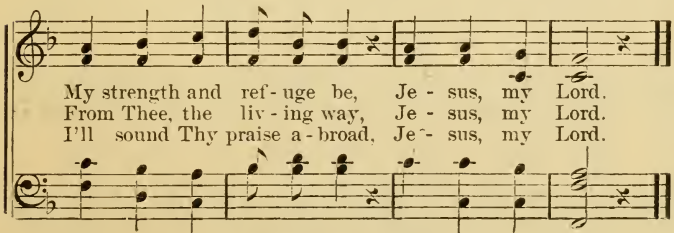
Jesus, I Come to Thee.

E. JOHNSON.

W. JOHNSON.



1. Je - sus, I come to Thee, In weak-ness help Thou me,
2. Keep me by night and day, Nor let me ev - er stray,
3. Washed in Thy precious blood, And so brought nigh to God,



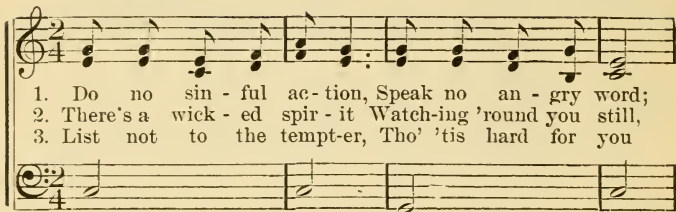
My strength and ref - uge be, Je - sus, my Lord.
From Thee, the liv - ing way, Je - sus, my Lord.
I'll sound Thy praise a - broad, Je - sus, my Lord.

No. 10.

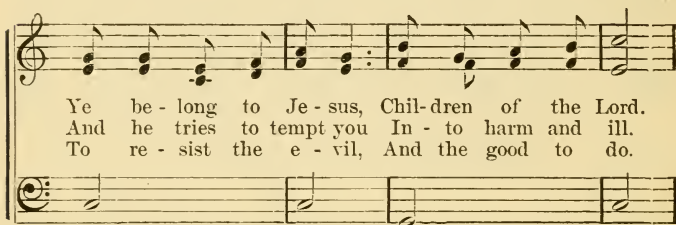
Do no Sinful Action.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

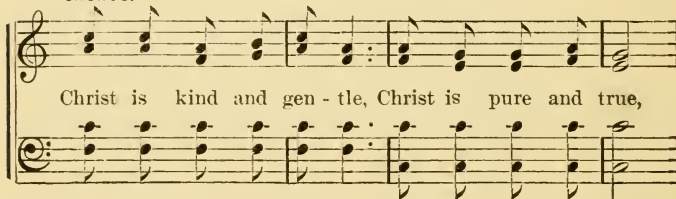


1. Do no sin - ful ac - tion, Speak no an - gry word;
2. There's a wick - ed spir - it Watch - ing 'round you still,
3. List not to the tempt - er, Tho' 'tis hard for you

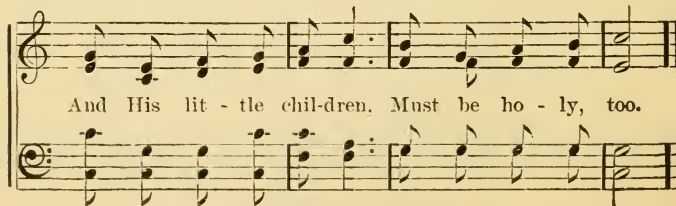


Ye be - long to Je - sus, Chil - dren of the Lord.
And he tries to tempt you In - to harm and ill.
To re - sist the e - vil, And the good to do.

CHORUS.



Christ is kind and gen - tle, Christ is pure and true,



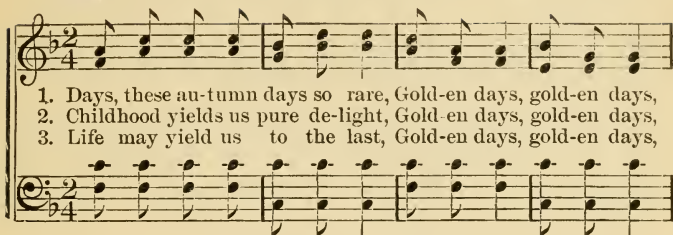
And His lit - tle chil - dren. Must be ho - ly, too.

No. 11.

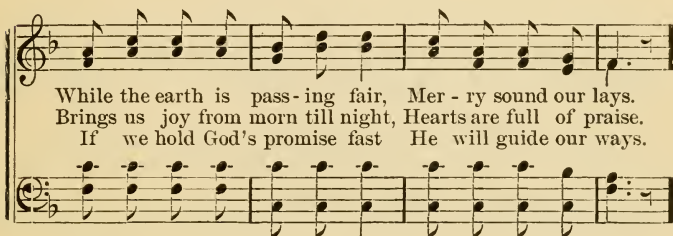
Golden Days.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

GEO. F. ROSCHE.

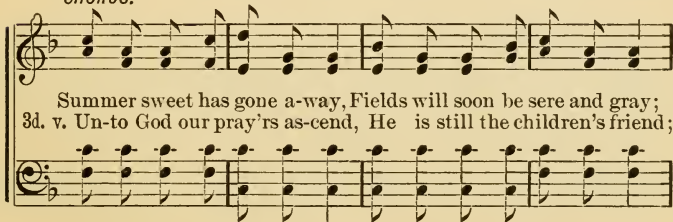


1. Days, these au-tumn days so rare, Gold-en days, gold-en days,
 2. Childhood yields us pure de-light, Gold-en days, gold-en days,
 3. Life may yield us to the last, Gold-en days, gold-en days,

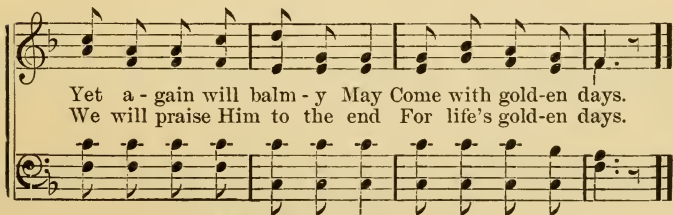


While the earth is pass-ing fair, Mer-ry sound our lays.
 Brings us joy from morn till night, Hearts are full of praise.
 If we hold God's promise fast He will guide our ways.

CHORUS.



Summer sweet has gone a-way, Fields will soon be sere and gray;
 3d. v. Un-to God our pray'rs as-cend, He is still the children's friend;



Yet a-gain will balm-y May Come with gold-en days.
 We will praise Him to the end For life's gold-en days.

No. 12.

Busy Little Gleaners.

"CARLIN."

I. BALTZELL.

1. The reap-ers now for many a day, Have toiled a-mid the grain;
 2. With hope and strength we gleaners search The golden grain fields thro';
 3. And when our work on earth is done—Our glean-ing days all o'er,

But we come in from hill and dale, A bus-y glean-er train.
 With songs of gladness on our lips As we our work pur-sue.
 We'll car-ry home our gather'd sheaves, And rest for-ev-er-more.

FULL CHORUS. *Lively.*

We are bus-y glean-ers, Cheer-ful lit-tle glean-ers,

Work-ing for the Mas-ter in the har-vest field;

Busy Little Gleaners. Concluded.

2

Pray for us while toil - ing in the har - vest field.

This system contains two staves of music. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. It features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and eighth notes. A fermata is placed over the final note of the upper staff.

No. 13.

Jesus, Help Me.

Rev. J. O. FOSTER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Je - sus, keep me ev - 'ry day, When I work and when I play,
2. Je - sus, make me good and true In the work I ought to do;
3. Bless-ed Je - sus, let us know, How our bus-y feet should go,

This system contains two staves of music. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 4/8 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves, aligned with the musical phrases.

When I think and when I talk, When I run and when I walk.
Hold me gen - tly by the hand, Till I reach the bet - ter land.
Till at last in heav'n we say: Je - sus led us all the way.

This system contains two staves of music. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 4/8 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves, aligned with the musical phrases.

REFRAIN.

Keep me, Je - sus, this I pray, Lead me, keep me ev-'ry day.

This system contains two staves of music. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 4/8 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves, aligned with the musical phrases.

No. 14.

The Lord's Prayer.

A. JUDSON.

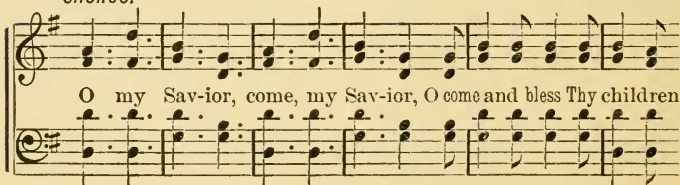
Arr. from Rev. BENJ. A. STUBBINS.



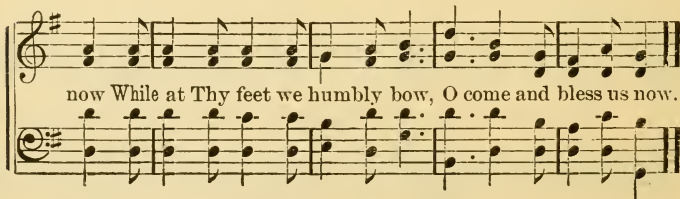
1. Our Father, God, who art in heaven, All hallowed be Thy name,
2. Give us this day our dai-ly bread, And as we those for-give,
3. In - to tempt-a - tion lead us not, From e - vil set us free;

Organ.

Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done, In heaven and earth the same.
 Who sin a-against us, so may we For-giv-ing grace re - ceive.
 And Thine the kingdom, Thine the pow'r And glo - ry ev - er be.

*CHORUS.*

O my Sav-ior, come, my Sav-ior, O come and bless Thy children

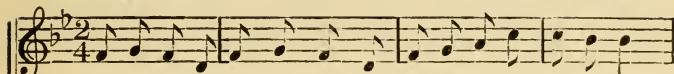


now While at Thy feet we humbly bow, O come and bless us now.

No. 15. The Savior's Invitation.

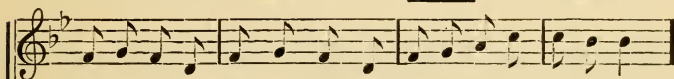
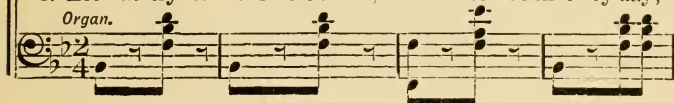
Rev. TOM. C. NEAL.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

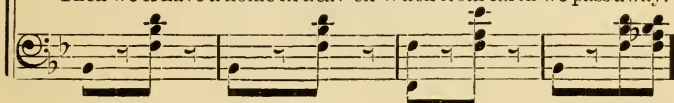


1. Hear the blessed Sav-ior say-ing, "Let the children come to me!"
2. Yes, the gracious in - vi - ta-tion's To the young, as well as old;
3. Let us try to be like Je - sus, Love and serve him ev'ry day;

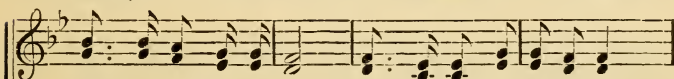
Organ.



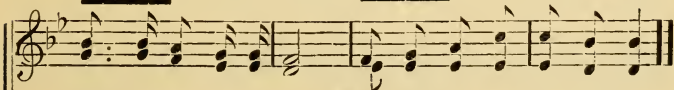
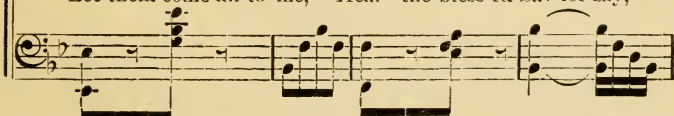
Joy - ful - ly He will re - ceive them, And their friend forever be.
And the lambs are ev - er wel - come To the loving Shepherd's fold.
Then we'll have a home in heav - en When from earth we pass away.



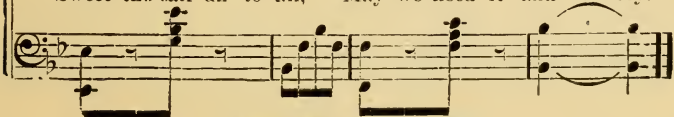
CHORUS.



"Let them come un-to me," Hear the bless-ed Sav-ior say,



Sweet the call un-to all, May we heed it and o - bey.



No. 16.

What Need of Thee!

ANON.

J. R. MURRAY.

1. Thou knowest, oh, my Sav - ior dear, What need I have of thee!
 2. My weight of ill I could not bear, My duties could not do,
 3. My heart would toil for love's dear sake, For love the on-ly prize;
 4. Yet still me-thinks I hear Thy voice, "Let love and longing rest;

Each se - cret sigh Thy heart doth hear, Each hid-den grief doth see.
 If Thou didst not the sor - row share, And bear the burden, too.
 So on love's al - tar life shall make Per - pet-u-al sac - ri - fice.
 Who waits, nor urg-es oth - er choice, May serve me most and best."

CHORUS.

What need of Thee! what need of Thee! What need I have of Thee!

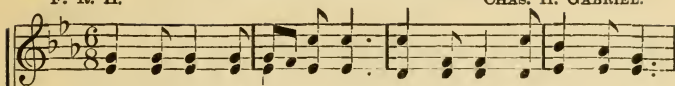
Thou knowest, oh, my Sav - ior dear, What need I have of Thee.

No. 17.

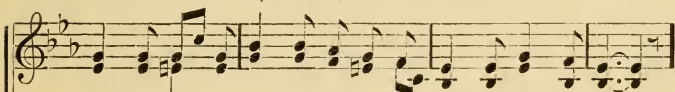
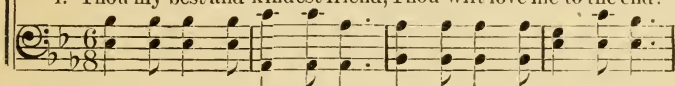
An Evening Prayer.

F. R. H.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



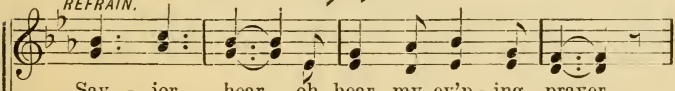
1. Now the light has gone a-way, Sav - ior, list - en while I pray.
2. Je - sus, Sav-ior, wash a-way All that has been wrong today,
3. Let my near and dear ones be Always near and dear to Thee:
4. Thou my best and kindest friend, Thou wilt love me to the end!



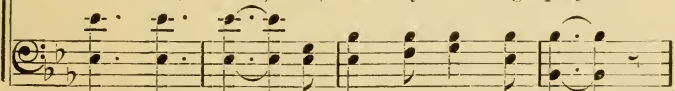
Ask-ing Thee to watch and keep, And to send me qui - et sleep.
 Help me ev - 'ry day to be, Good and gentle, more like Thee.
 Oh, bring me and all I love To Thy hap - py home a - bove.
 Let me love Thee more and more, Always bet - ter than be - fore.



REFRAIN.



Sav - ior, hear, oh, hear my ev'n - ing prayer.



Sav - ior, hear, oh, hear my ev'n - ing prayer.

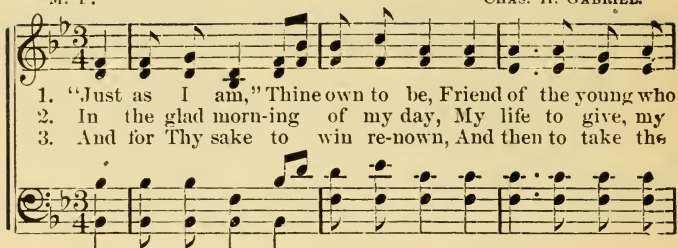


No. 18.

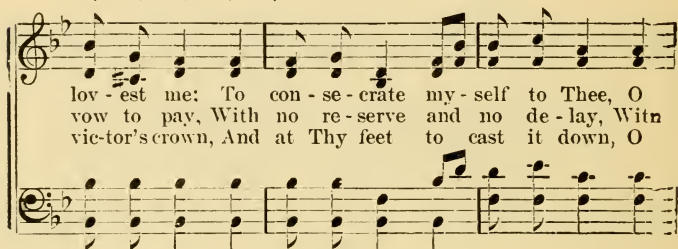
Consecration Hymn.

M. F.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. "Just as I am," Thine own to be, Friend of the young who
 2. In the glad morn-ing of my day, My life to give, my
 3. And for Thy sake to win re-nown, And then to take the

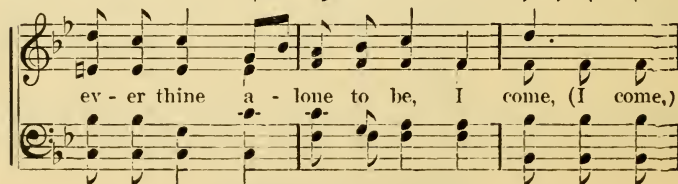


lov - est me: To con - se - crate my - self to Thee, O
 vow to pay, With no re - serve and no de - lay, Witn
 vic - tor's crown, And at Thy feet to cast it down, O

REFRAIN.

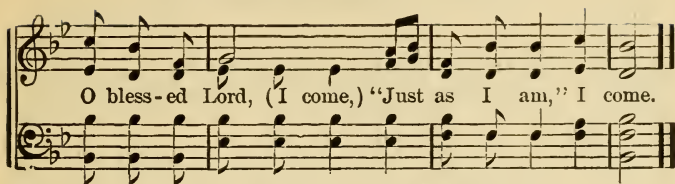


Sav - ior dear, I come. }
 all my heart I come } O bless-ed Lord, I come to Thee, For
 Mas - ter, Lord, I come. }



ev - er thine a - lone to be, I come, (I come,)

Consecration Hymn. Concluded.

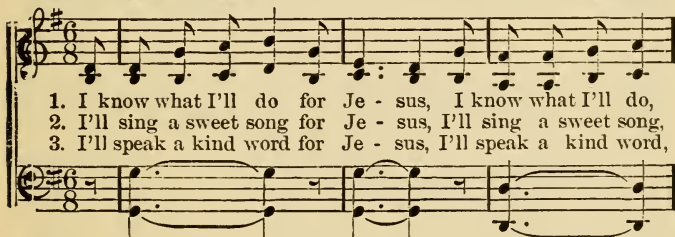


O bless-ed Lord, (I come,) "Just as I am," I come.

No. 19. I Know What I'll do for Jesus.

Mrs. L. M. B. BATEMAN.

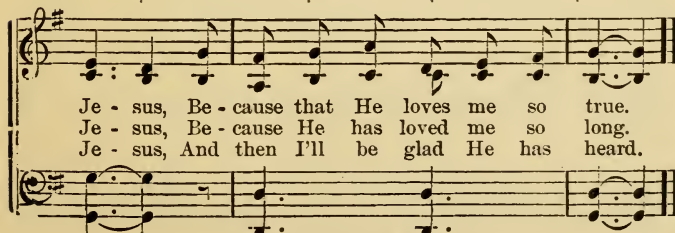
J. H. FILLMORE.



1. I know what I'll do for Je - sus, I know what I'll do,
 2. I'll sing a sweet song for Je - sus, I'll sing a sweet song,
 3. I'll speak a kind word for Je - sus, I'll speak a kind word,



I know what I'll do, I know what I'll do for
 I'll sing a sweet song, I'll sing a sweet song for
 I'll speak a kind word, I'll speak a kind word for

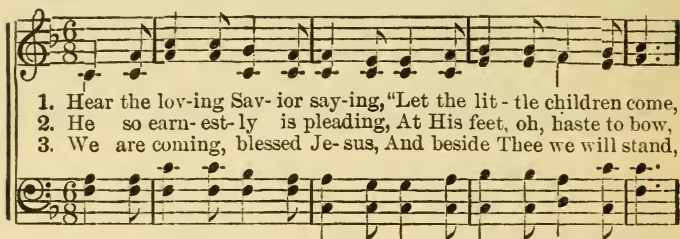


Je - sus, Be - cause that He loves me so true.
 Je - sus, Be - cause He has loved me so long.
 Je - sus, And then I'll be glad He has heard.

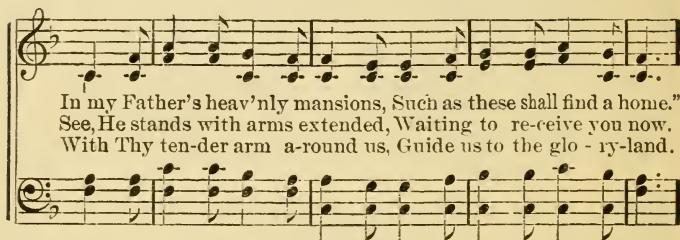
No. 20. Let the Little Children Come.

H. A. L.

HENRY A. LEWIS.

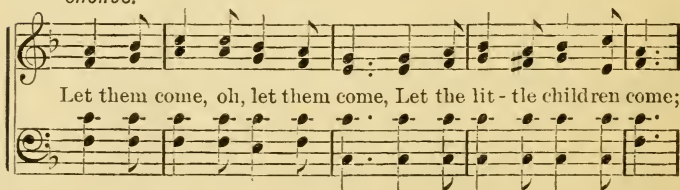


1. Hear the lov-ing Sav-ior say-ing, "Let the lit-tle children come,
2. He so earn-est-ly is pleading, At His feet, oh, haste to bow,
3. We are coming, blessed Je-sus, And beside Thee we will stand,

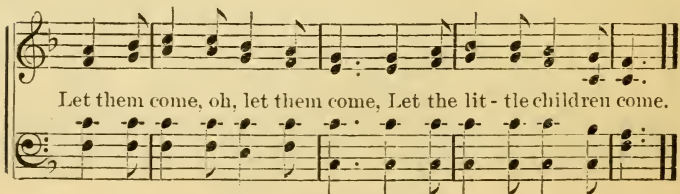


In my Father's heav'nly mansions, Such as these shall find a home."
See, He stands with arms extended, Waiting to re-ceive you now.
With Thy ten-der arm a-round us, Guide us to the glo-ry-land.

CHORUS.



Let them come, oh, let them come, Let the lit-tle children come;



Let them come, oh, let them come, Let the lit-tle children come.

No. 21.

The Little Lord Jesus.

MARTIN LUTHER.

C. H. G.

1. A - way in a man - ger, No crib for His bed,
 2. The cat - tle are low - ing, The poor ba - by wakes,
 3. Be near me, Lord Je - sus, I ask Thee to stay

The lit - tle Lord Je - sus Lay down His sweet head;
 But lit - tle Lord Je - sus, No cry - ing He makes:
 Close by me for - ev - er, And love me, I - pray:

The stars in the heav - ens Looked down where He lay,
 I love Thee, Lord Je - sus, Look down from the sky.
 Bless all the dear chil - dren In Thy ten - der care,

The lit - tle Lord Je - sus, A - sleep in the hay.
 And stay by my cra - dle, To watch lul - la - by.
 And take us to heav - en To live with Thee there.

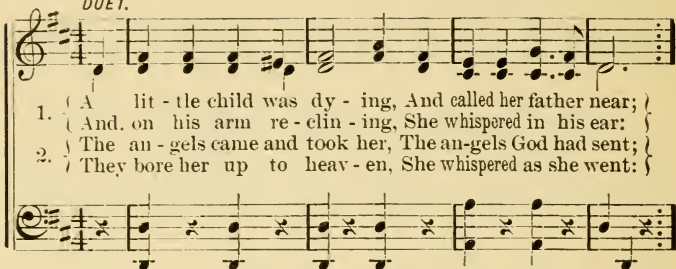
No. 22.

Meet Me Over There.

E. A. H.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

DUET.



1. { A lit - tle child was dy - ing, And called her father near; }
 { And, on his arm re - clin - ing, She whispered in his ear; }
 2. { The an - gels came and took her, The an - gels God had sent; }
 { They bore her up to heav - en, She whispered as she went: }

CHORUS.



I'm go - ing home to glo - ry, A gold - en crown to
 wear, O meet me, meet me, Meet me o - ver there!

3 The father was no Christian,
 His sins were unforgiv'n;
 He could not, as she begged him,
 Rejoin her up in heaven.

4 He gave his heart to Jesus.
 Who took its stains away,
 And now in Christ believing,
 The father, too, can say:

5 That voice is still appealing,
 "O meet me over there!"
 To us it is a summons
 For heaven to prepare.

6 Soon we shall pass life's portals,
 Soon we shall fade and die;
 In our departing moments
 May we exultant cry:

No. 23.

What Would Come to Pass?

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. What if the lit-tle rain should say, "So small a drop as I
 2. What if a shin-ing beam of noon, Should in its fountain stay,
 3. Does not each rain-drop help to form The cool, re-fresh-ing shower?

Can ne'er refresh those thirsty fields, I'll tar-ry in the sky,
 Be-cause its fee-ble light a-lone Can not cre-ate a day,
 And ev-'ry ray of light to warm And beau-ti-fy the flow'r?

I'll tar-ry in the sky, I'll tar-ry in the sky,
 Can not cre-ate a day, Can not cre-ate a day,
 And beau-ti-fy the flow'r, And beau-ti-fy the flow'r,

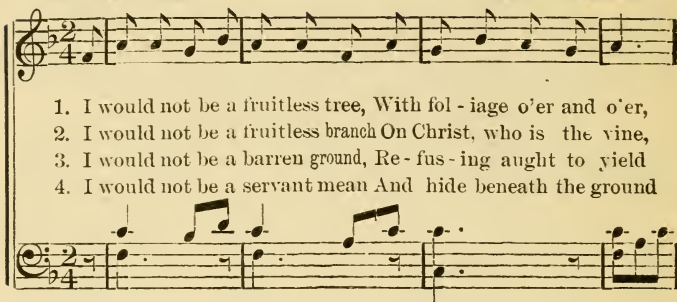
I can't refresh those thirsty fields, I'll tar-ry in the sky."
 Be-cause its fee-ble light a-lone Can not cre-ate a day.
 And ev-'ry ray of light to warm And beau-ti-fy the flow'r?

No. 24.

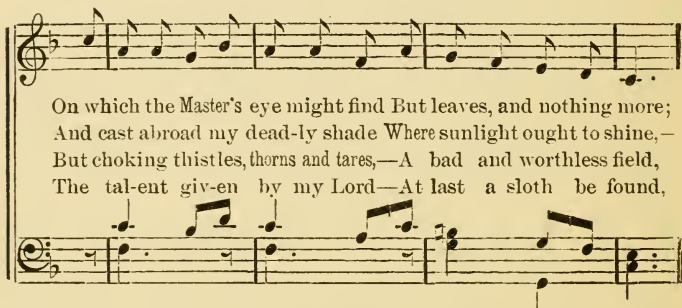
What i Would Not Be.

Rev. WM. APPEL.

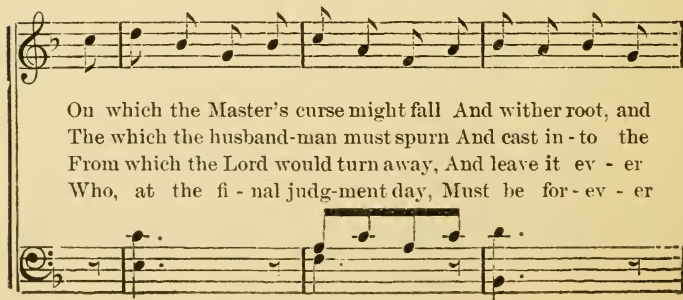
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. I would not be a fruitless tree, With fol - iage o'er and o'er,
 2. I would not be a fruitless branch On Christ, who is the vine,
 3. I would not be a barren ground, Re - fus - ing aught to yield
 4. I would not be a servant mean And hide beneath the ground



On which the Master's eye might find But leaves, and nothing more;
 And cast abroad my dead-ly shade Where sunlight ought to shine,—
 But choking thistles, thorns and tares,—A bad and worthless field,
 The tal-ent giv-en by my Lord—At last a sloth be found,



On which the Master's curse might fall And wither root, and
 The which the husband-man must spurn And cast in - to the
 From which the Lord would turn away, And leave it ev - er
 Who, at the fi - nal judg-ment day, Must be for - ev - er

What I Would Not Be. Concluded.

branch, and all, And with - er root, and branch, and all.
 fire to burn, And cast in - to the fire to burn.
 waste to lay, And leave it ev - er waste to lay.
 cast a - way, Must be for - ev - er cast a - way.

No. 25.

Prayer.

GRACE H. DUFFIELD.

G.

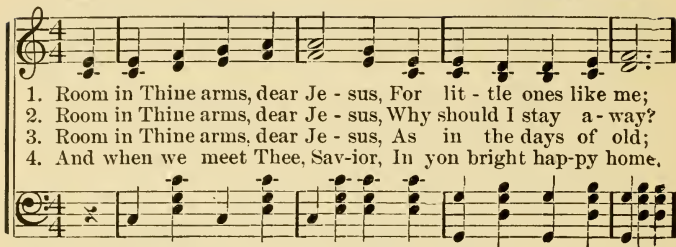
1. Lord, from Thy dwelling place on high, Look on our hearts to-day;
 2. Then when Thou hearest, Lord, forgive. What'e'r our sin may be;
 3. Re - store us to Thyself a - gain, Give us the strength to stand.

Hear Thou the pen - i - ten - tial cry, — Bend down to souls that pray.
 Give us a - gain the wish to live In clos - er walk with Thee.
 Re - sist - ing on for love of Thee. Uphold - en by Thy hand.

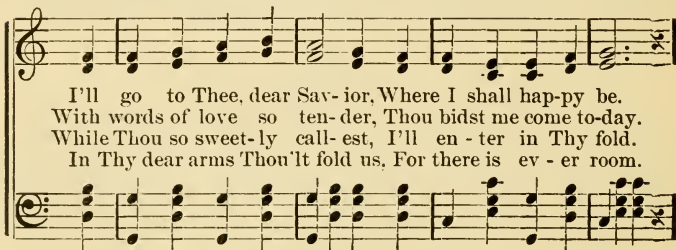
No. 26. Room in Thine Arms, Dear Jesus.

EMMA PITT.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

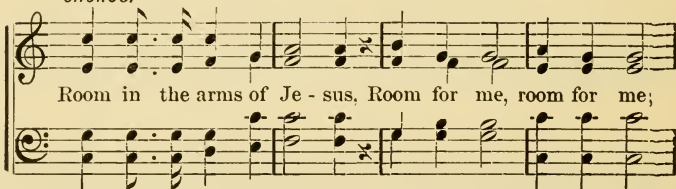


1. Room in Thine arms, dear Je - sus, For lit - tle ones like me;
2. Room in Thine arms, dear Je - sus, Why should I stay a - way?
3. Room in Thine arms, dear Je - sus, As in the days of old;
4. And when we meet Thee, Sav - ior, In yon bright hap - py home.

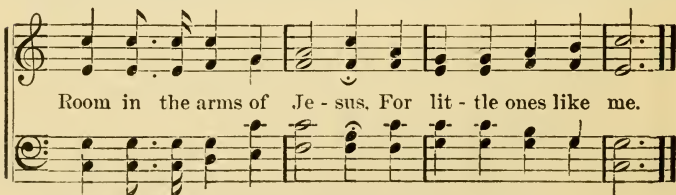


I'll go to Thee, dear Sav - ior, Where I shall hap - py be.
With words of love so ten - der, Thou bidst me come to - day.
While Thou so sweet - ly call - est, I'll en - ter in Thy fold.
In Thy dear arms Thou'lt fold us, For there is ev - er room.

CHORUS.



Room in the arms of Je - sus, Room for me, room for me;

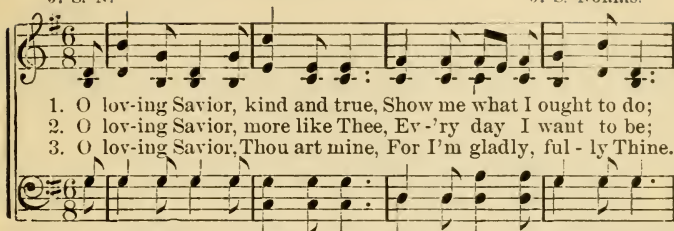


Room in the arms of Je - sus, For lit - tle ones like me.

No. 27. Jesus, Savior, Dear to Me.

J. S. N.

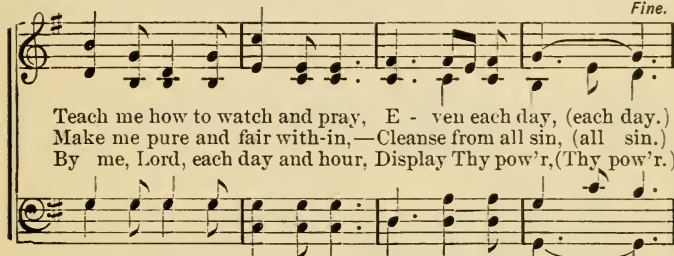
J. S. NORRIS.



1. O lov-ing Sav-ior, kind and true, Show me what I ought to do;
2. O lov-ing Sav-ior, more like Thee, Ev-'ry day I want to be;
3. O lov-ing Sav-ior, Thou art mine, For I'm gladly, ful-ly Thine.

D. C. O Je-sus, Sav-ior, dear to me, May I ev-er walk with Thee,

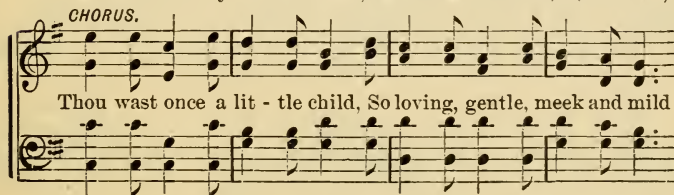
Fine.



Teach me how to watch and pray, E - ven each day, (each day.)
Make me pure and fair with-in, — Cleanse from all sin, (all sin.)
By me, Lord, each day and hour, Display Thy pow'r, (Thy pow'r.)

Lead me to Thy home a - bove, Where all is love, (is love.)

CHORUS.



Thou wast once a lit - tle child, So loving, gentle, meek and mild;



Thou canst sympathize with me, Lord, keep me close to Thee, (to Thee.)

D. C.

No. 28.

Little Bobolink.

O. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Sing, pret-ty lit-tle bob - o - link! While we're near,
 2. So ear-ly in the spring you come, And so long,
 3. Now, pret-ty lit-tle bob - o - link, We know why

Have no fear: Please whis-tle to us all you think,
 Sing your song; We wonder where you make your home:
 You're so shy; Please but a moment stop to think, —

You're so hap - py, Hap - py all the day.
 Can you tell us? Can you, will you, pray?
 He who loves you Loves the chil-dren, too.

Little Bobolink. Concluded.

CHORUS.

The first system of musical notation for the chorus. It consists of three staves: a vocal line in treble clef, a piano accompaniment in treble clef, and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "Sing, lit-tle bob - o-link, Oh, sing, sing,". The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes in the right hand and chords in the left hand.

The second system of musical notation for the chorus. It continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment from the first system. The vocal line includes the lyrics "sing, sing, Sing, lit-tle bob - o-link, Oh,". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

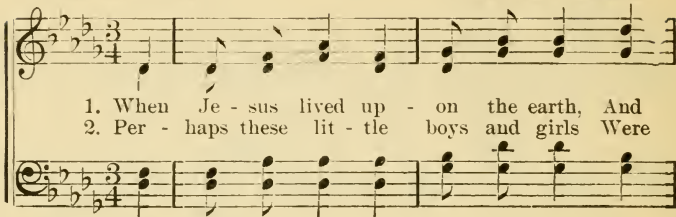
The third system of musical notation for the chorus. It concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes the lyrics "sing, sing, sing....." followed by a wavy line indicating a trill or a long note, with the text "8 va" below it. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord in the right hand and a whole note in the left hand.

No. 29.

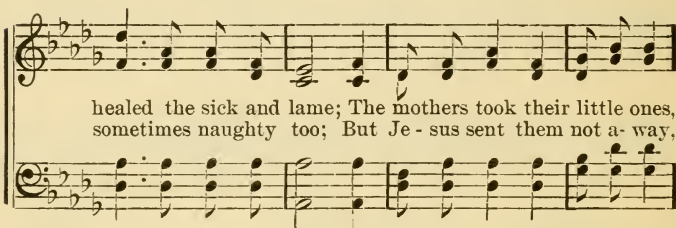
Jesus, Our Friend.

LANTA WILSON SMITH.

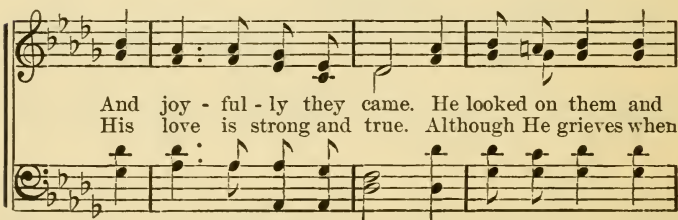
Mrs. W. S. NICKLE.



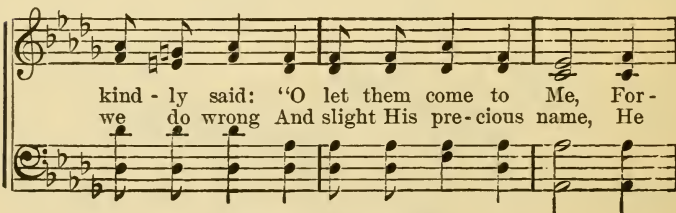
1. When Je - sus lived up - on the earth, And
2. Per - haps these lit - tle boys and girls Were



healed the sick and lame; The mothers took their little ones,
sometimes naughty too; But Je - sus sent them not a-way,



And joy - ful - ly they came. He looked on them and
His love is strong and true. Although He grieves when

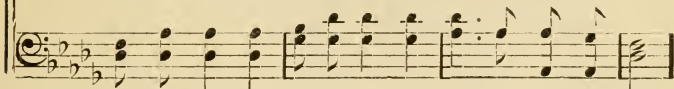


kind - ly said: "O let them come to Me, For -
we do wrong And slight His pre - cious name, He

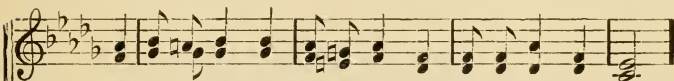
Jesus, Our Friend. Concluded.



bid them not, for such as these My Father's face shall see."
tries to help us all the more, And loves us just the same.



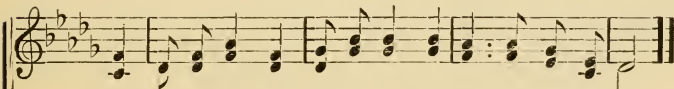
CHORUS.



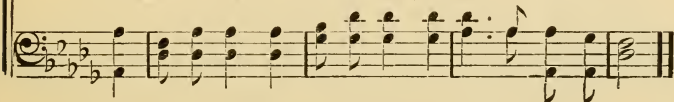
Our Savior blessed the little ones. That all the world may know,



Rit.



He came to save the children too, Because He loved them so.



- 3 When little children come to Him,
He takes them in His arms;
Oh, what a safe and blessed place
To rest from all alarms.
And so we sing with happy hearts.
Our songs of joy and love;
We'll serve the blessed Savior here,
And dwell with Him above.

No. 30.

Love the Truth.

* * *
SOLO.

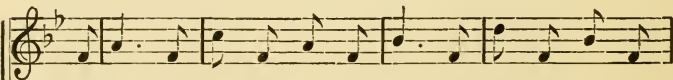
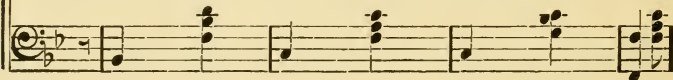
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



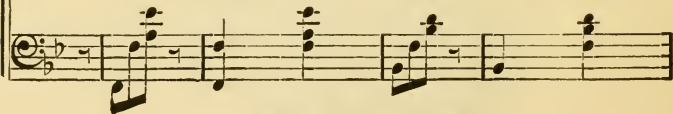
1. I loved a song-bird of the spring, I loved its warbling lay,
2. I loved a but-ter-fly so fair, With gold-en pin-ions bright;
3. I loved a rose. I loved it best Of all I yet have found;
4. What can I love that takes no flight Nor fades with breeze nor blast?



But ah! my sing-ers spread its wings And 'rose and soar'd a-way.
A-mong the tn-lips rich and rare It wandered from my sight.
But when the sun had reached the west, It's bright leaves strew'd the ground.
Oh, love the truth! the truth most bright And beau-ti-ful will last.



It 'rose and soar'd a-way, It 'rose and soar'd a-way; But
It wan-dered from my sight, It wan-dered from my sight; A-
It's bright leaves strew'd the ground, It's bright leaves strew'd the ground; But
It beau-ti-ful will last, Yes, beau-ti-ful will last; Oh,



Love the Truth. Concluded.

ah! my sin-ger spread it's wings, And rose and soar'd a-way.
 mong the tu-lips rich and rare It wandered from my sight,
 when the sun had reached the west, It's bright leaves strew'd the ground
 love the truth! the truth both bright And beau-ti-ful will last.

No. 31. Jesus, Gentle Shepherd.

MARY L. DUNCAN.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Je-sus, gentle Shep-herd, hear me, Bless Thy lit-tle lamb to-night;
2. All this day Thy hand hath led me, And I thank Thee for Thy care;
3. May my sins be all for-giv-en, Bless the friends I love so well;

Thro' the darkness be Thou near me. Keep me safe till morning light.
 Thou hast clothed me, warmed me, fed me—Listen to my ev'ning pray'r.
 Take me, when I die, to heaven, Happy there with Thee to dwell.

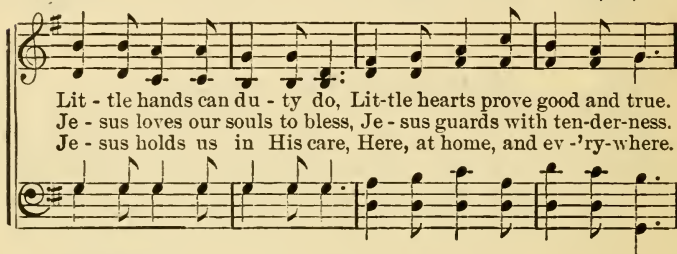
No. 32. Happy Little Lambs are We.

Mrs. HARRIET E. JONES.

HENRY A. LEWIS.

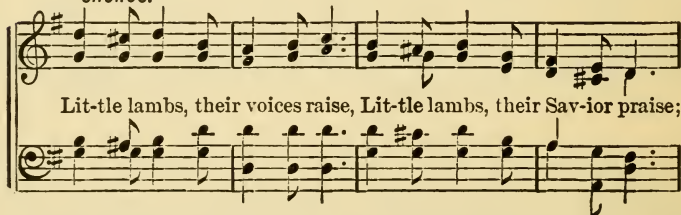


1. Lit - tle tongues can ut - ter praise, Lit-tle feet tread golden ways;
2. Je - sus loves us un - de - filed, Je - sus loves the lit - tle child;
3. Je - sus keeps us near His side, Je - sus is our on - ly guide;

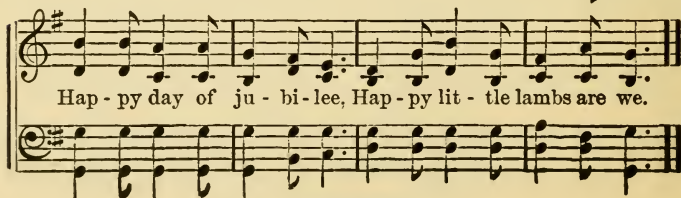


Lit - tle hands can du - ty do, Lit-tle hearts prove good and true.
Je - sus loves our souls to bless, Je - sus guards with ten - der - ness.
Je - sus holds us in His care, Here, at home, and ev - 'ry - where.

CHORUS.



Lit-tle lambs, their voices raise, Lit-tle lambs, their Sav - ior praise;



Hap - py day of ju - bi - lee, Hap - py lit - tle lambs are we.

No. 33.**Our King.**

C. H. G.

(Children's Day.)

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Our sweetest songs of gladness, On this, the Children's Day, We
2. He loved the lit - tle chil - dren When He was here below, And
3. We love to sing His prais - es And hear the sto - ries told Of

bring to praise the Sav - ior, Who is the Life, the Way.
though He's up in heav - en, He loves us yet we know.
Him when He was dwelling In Gal - i - lee, of old.

REFRAIN.

We sing,.... we sing.... The prais-es of our King,....
We sing, we sing Heav'nly King,

We sing,.... we sing.... The glo - ry of our King.
We sing, we sing

No. 34.

The Children's Friend.

C. BENJ. HOPKINS.

Mrs. W. S. NICKLE.

1. Come and let us sing the Sav-ior's love, Je - sus is the
 2. "Let the lit - tle chil-dren come to me," Je - sus is the
 3. Come and give your heart just now to Him, Je - sus is the

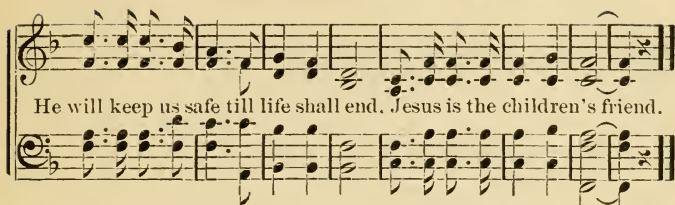
chil-dren's friend; Sing of how He came from heav'n a - bove,
 chil-dren's friend; "For of such" His kingdom bright shall be,
 chil-dren's friend; He will light your way when days grow dim.

CHORUS.

Je - sus is the chil-dren's friend. } Je - sus is the
 Je - sus is the chil-dren's friend. }
 Je - sus is the chil-dren's friend. }

chil-dren's dear-est friend! Up - on His word we may all de-pend:

The Children's Friend. Concluded.



He will keep us safe till life shall end, Jesus is the children's friend.

No. 35.

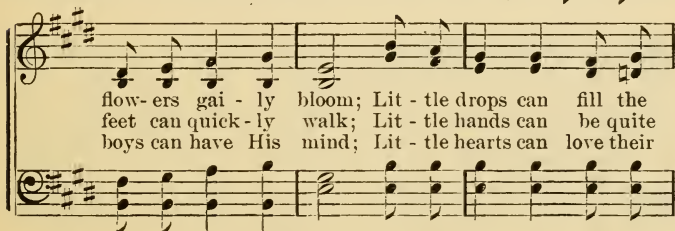
Little Stars.

Rev. WM. APPEL.

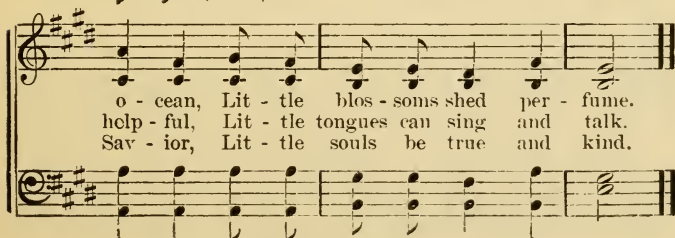
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Lit - tle stars can sweet - ly twink - le, Lit - tle
2. Lit - tle eyes can bright ly spark - le, Lit - tle
3. Lit - tle girls can fol - low Je - sus, Lit - tle



flow - ers gai - ly bloom; Lit - tle drops can fill the
feet can quick - ly walk; Lit - tle hands can be quite
boys can have His mind; Lit - tle hearts can love their



o - cean, Lit - tle blos - soms shed per - fume.
help - ful, Lit - tle tongues can sing and talk.
Sav - ior, Lit - tle souls be true and kind.

No. 36.

Little Christian Soldiers.

M. A. B.

M. A. DOUGHTON.

1. On - ward, lit - tle sol - diers, Bat - tle 'gainst the wrong;
 2. Right and wrong are bat - tling, Ev - 'ry day with - in,
 3. If you gain the vic - t'ry, If you con - quer sin.

Je - sus is your Cap - tain, Then be brave and strong;
 Ev - 'ry day ask Je - sus Vic - to - ry to win;
 When the bat - tle's ov - er You a crown shall win,

Take you for the con - flict, Faith, and hope, and song,
 He will help you con - quer Ev - 'ry foe you fight,
 Fight then, lit - tle sol - diers, Bat - tle 'gainst the wrong,

Do as Je - sus bids you, As you march a - long.
 Shield you from temp - ta - tion, Lead you in the right.
 Mind your Cap - tain's or - ders, As you march a - long.

Little Chistian Soldiers. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Marching on to bat - tle, Fight - ing sin and wrong.

Je - sus leads to vic - t'ry, Vic - t'ry is our song.

No. 37.

The Lord's Prayer.

GREGORIAN.

1. Our Father who art in heaven hallowed be Thy name:
 2. Give us this day our dai - ly bread:
 3. And lead us not into temptation, but de - liv - er us from evil:

Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heav'n.
 And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass a - gainst us.
 For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for - ever. A - men.

No. 38.

Bright Angels.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

A In a midnight dungeon low, Paul and Si-las lay,
 N Dan-iel in the li-on's den, Slept without a-larm,
 G Down to Lot in So-dom came. An-gels from on high,
 E Chained in Herod's pris-on cell, Pray-ing Pe-ter see,
 L Je-sus lay with-in the tomb, Near the dawn of day,
 S When the Sav-ior in a cloud, 'Rose to heav'n a-bove,

But an an-gel broke the bars. And struck their chain a-way.
 God had sent His an-gels down, To shel-ter him from harm.
 Say-ing God would burn with fire That cit-y by and by.
 But an an-gel burst the gate. And shouted "fol-low me."
 But an an-gel came from God, And roll'd the stone a-way.
 An-gels said He should a-gain, De-scent with peace and love.

CHORUS.

Bright an-gels, sweet an-gels Are watching from a-bove;

*Note.—“Bright Angels” should be sung by six little girls appropriately dressed, and arranged conspicuously upon the platform. Let six floral wreaths or crowns be prepared, each having one of the letters contained in the word “Angels” fixed upon it. Immediately after singing her stanza, let the appropriate crown be placed upon each girl’s head. All the school should sing in chorus.

Bright Angels. Concluded.

Oh, an - gels, sweet an - gels Are mes-sen-gers of love.

No. 39.

The Sweetest Song.

S. B. J.

Dr. S. B. JACKSON.

1st. Division.

1. Mer-ri - ly sing-ing All the day long, Rob-in red, tell me,
2. Chattering brooklet, What is your lay, War-ble-ing on-ward,
3. Vi - o - lets blue, Your se-cret un - fold! What is your song? It

2d. Division.

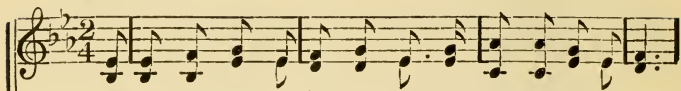
What is your song? Dear lit - tle friends, I can on - ly re - ply,
Day aft - er day? Sing-ing I go On my way to the sea,
nev - er grows old. Ev - er I'm sing-ing The sweetest of songs,

That I am hap - py,—But can't you guess why?
Cheer-ing the flow - er, The bird and the bee.
Praise to my Mak - er;— To Him it be - longs.

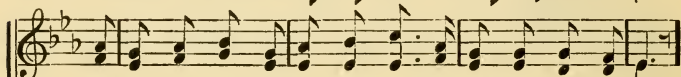
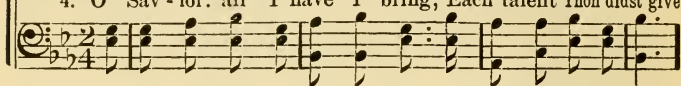
No. 40. Can Jesus Use My Heart?

C. BENJ. HOPKINS.

W. S. NICKLE.



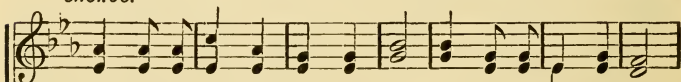
1. Can Je - sus use my lit - tle heart, And make it free from sin?
2. Can Je - sus use my lit - tle voice, To sing and speak His praise?
3. Can Je - sus use my lit - tle mind, And make it think for Him?
4. O Sav - ior! all I have I bring; Each talent Thon didst give



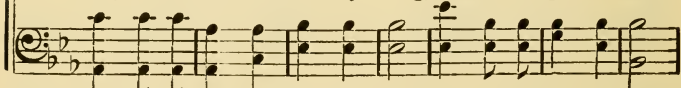
Can He a little strength impart, That I may fight and win?
Can He make me in Him re-joice, And tell His wondrous grace?
Can He help me my way to find, When-e'er my path grows dim?
I'll use for Thee, my Lord and King, While Thou dost let me live.



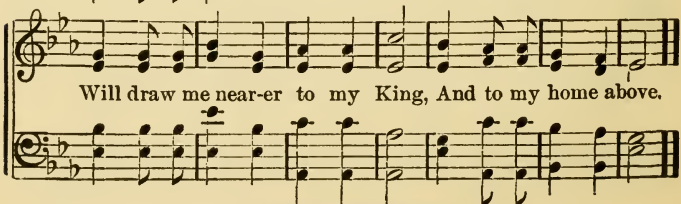
CHORUS.



Yes, He can use all I may bring, Each little gift of love



Will draw me near-er to my King, And to my home above.



No. 41.

In the Sunshine.

C. E. N.

CHAS. E. NEAL.

1. In the sun-shine of God's love, We are hap-py ev-'ry day;
 2. In the sun-light of His word, We are liv-ing day by day;
 3. To that sun-bright land on high, Where no night is, on-ly day,

For He's show'ring from a-bove, Joys and blessings on our way.
 And He says our pray'rs are heard, When to Him in faith we pray.
 He will take us, by and by, There with Him for-e'er to stay.

CHORUS.

In the sunshine, in the sunshine, In the sunshine from a-bove.

Repeat p.
 We are hap-py, we are hap-py, We are hap-py in His love.

No. 42.

He Loves Me so.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

J. M. BLACK.

SOLO.

1. I know that mamma loves me, Be-cause she told me so;
2. The hap-py birds in spring-time. Are sing-ing all the day;

She nev - er yet deceived me, And nev - er will, I know:
The pret-ty flow-ers blos - som. In beau - ti - ful ar - ray;

And so I know that Je - sus Loves lit - tle ones like me:
And all they say to me is, That "God is ev - er good!"

He Loves Me so. Concluded.

And that He watches o'er me, Wher - ev - er I may be.
They nev - er speak un - tru - ly, They would not if they could.

CHORUS.

He loves, He loves me so, He loves, He loves me so;
He loves, He loves,

I know He came to save me, Be-cause He loves me so.

3 I read of sprites and brownies,
And of the fairies, too,—
But oh, there is a story
That's ever sweet and new!
It's called the "old, old story
Of Jesus and His love,"
And of the many mansions
He has prepared above.

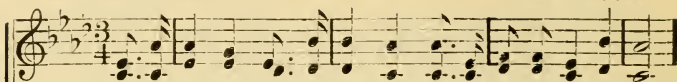
4 It makes me very happy,—
This story sweet and old,
Because it grows the sweeter
Each time I hear it told.
Although I often wonder
Why He remembers me,
I know that Jesus loves me,
And will my Savior be.

No. 43.

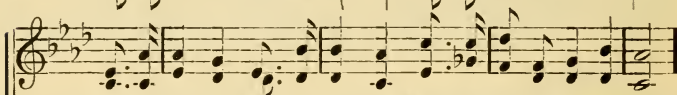
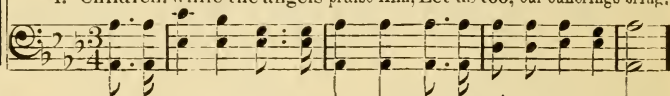
Christmas Carol.

WILLIAM FAWCETT, D. D.

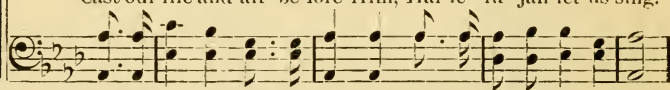
W. S. NICKLE.



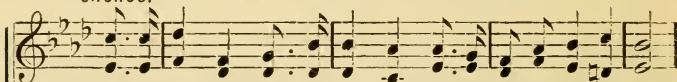
1. Children, hearken, hear those voices, How the waves of song arise;
2. Loud their golden harps resounded, Telling of our sins forgiv'n;
3. 'Tis of Je-sus they are sing-ing, Of th' Anointed, Blessed One;
4. Children, while the angels praise Him, Let us too, our offerings bring.



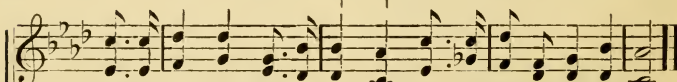
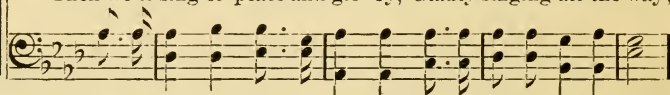
'Tis the an-gel-hosts re-joic-ing, Making glad the upper skies.
Telling how God's love has found us, Peace for men in earth and heaven.
They to Him their offerings bringing. Bring them to Jehovah's Son.
Cast our life and all be-fore Him, Hal-le-lu-jah let us sing.



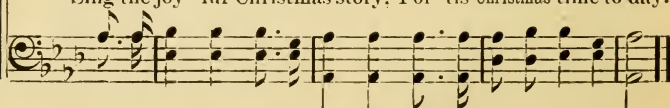
CHORUS.



Then we'll sing of peace and glo - ry, Gladly singing all the way;



Sing the joy - ful Christmas story. For 'tis Christmas time to-day.



No. 44. Bless Us Children Now.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

(Anniversary Hymn.)

WM. W. BENTLY.

DUET.

1. Dear Savior, from Thy throne above, Where countless children
2. Thy mer-cy led us thro' the year That sweetly passed a-
3. Oh, may we learn in ear - ly youth Thy ho - ly word to
4. Oh, hap - py tho't, if' faith - ful here, We work and watch and

bow, Oh, let Thy loving eye behold And bless us children now.
way, And thro' Thy grace we gather now To hail our festive day.
prize, The lamp that guides our feet to heav'n, Our home be-yond the skies.
pray, We'll spend with Thee in heav'n at last, An endless, happy day.

CHORUS.

Our hearts in tuneful numbers wake, Our tongues with rapture sing.

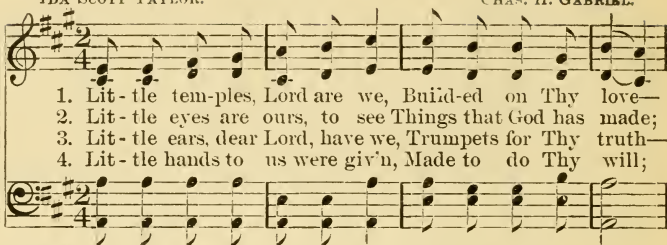
All glo-ry, hon-or, praise to Thee, Redeemer, Lord and King!

No. 45.

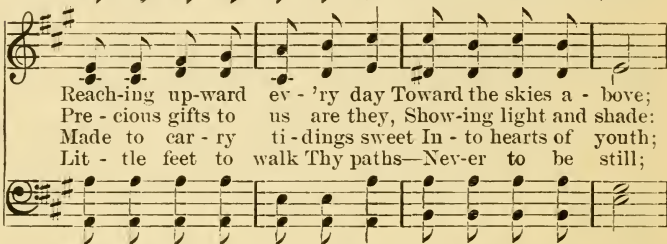
Little Temples.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

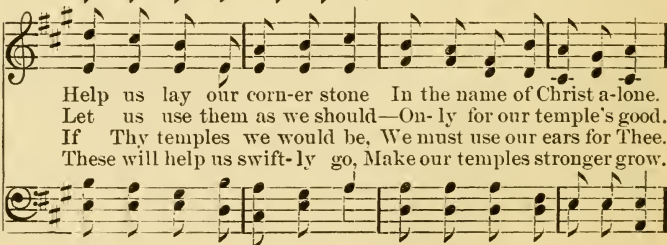
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Lit - tle tem - ples, Lord are we, Build - ed on Thy love—
 2. Lit - tle eyes are ours, to see Things that God has made;
 3. Lit - tle ears, dear Lord, have we, Trumpets for Thy truth—
 4. Lit - tle hands to us were giv'n, Made to do Thy will;

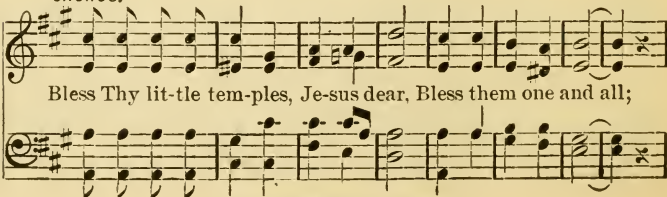


Reach - ing up - ward ev - 'ry day Toward the skies a - bove;
 Pre - cious gifts to us are they, Show - ing light and shade;
 Made to car - ry ti - dings sweet In - to hearts of youth;
 Lit - tle feet to walk Thy paths—Nev - er to be still;



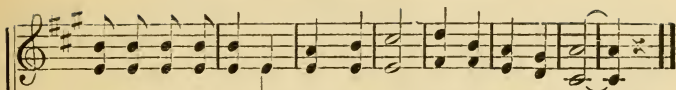
Help us lay our corn - er stone In the name of Christ a - lone.
 Let us use them as we should—On - ly for our temple's good.
 If Thy temples we would be, We must use our ears for Thee.
 These will help us swift - ly go, Make our temples stronger grow.

CHORUS.

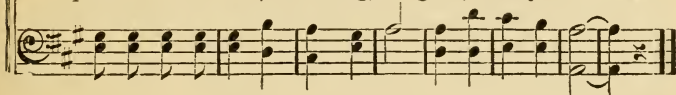


Bless Thy lit - tle tem - ples, Je - sus dear, Bless them one and all;

Little Temples. Concluded.



Help us build them firm, and strong, and good, So they will not fall.



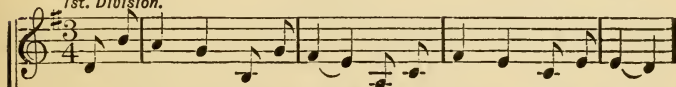
No. 46.

The Lesson of Nature.

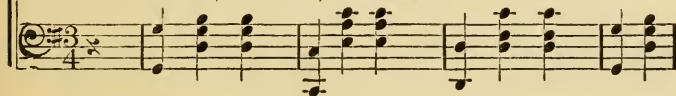
M. A. B.

M. A. BOUGHTON.

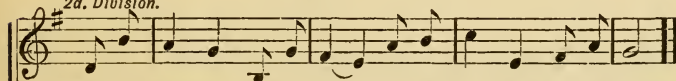
1st. Division.



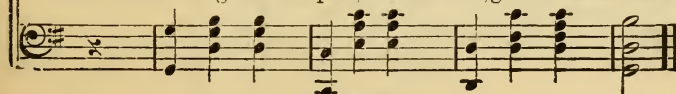
1. Love-ly bird high in the tree, What's the song you sing to me?
2. Ti-ny flow'r in mos-sy dell, Why your beau-ty—can you tell?
3. Lit-tle brooklet, run-ning by, Stop and tell me where you hie;
4. Silent snowflake on the wing, What's the message that you bring?
5. Golden sunlight, streaming free, What's the word you bring to me?
6. Twink-ling stars in heaven dark, Say, what says your ti-ny spark?
7. God of na- ture, o- ver all, What thro' na- ture dost thou call?



2d. Division.



Sweet and strong my voice I raise, Join with me and sing God's praise.
 Beauteous blossoms in this wood Are to tell you God is good.
 On-ward haste I to the sea, Tell-ing of e-ter-ni-ty.
 Pure and white I say to thee, Let thy thoughts be pure like me.
 Lit-tle child, where'er you're found, There let joy and love-a-bound.
 Tho' I'm not the sun, so bright, I, like you, can give some light.
 Soft I'm call-ing thee a-part, Lit-tle child, give me thine heart.

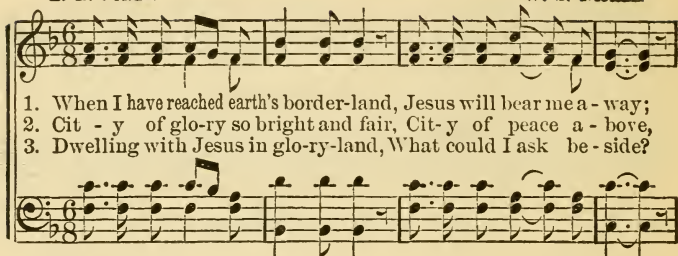


No. 47.

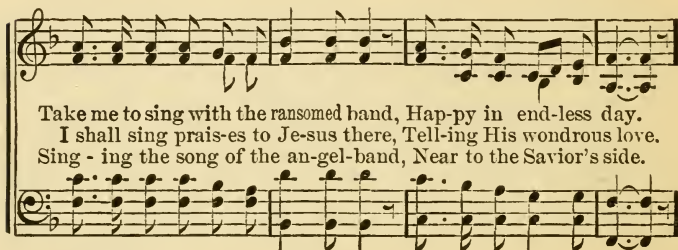
Jesus Will Bear Me O'er.

L. E. JONES.

W. S. NICKLE.

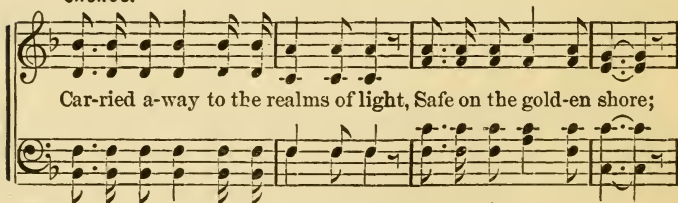


1. When I have reached earth's border-land, Jesus will bear me a-way;
 2. Cit - y of glo-ry so bright and fair, Cit-y of peace a - bove,
 3. Dwelling with Jesus in glo-ry-land, What could I ask be - side?

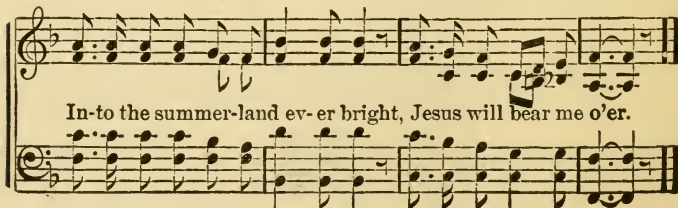


Take me to sing with the ransomed hand, Hap-py in end-less day.
 I shall sing prais-es to Je-sus there, Tell-ing His wondrous love.
 Sing - ing the song of the an-gel-band, Near to the Savior's side.

CHORUS.



Car-ried a-way to the realms of light, Safe on the gold-en shore;

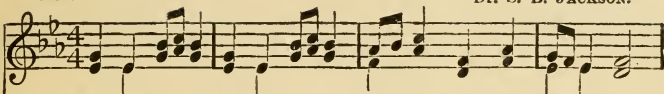


In-to the summer-land ev-er bright, Jesus will bear me o'er.

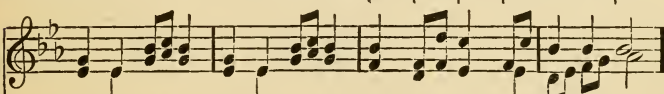
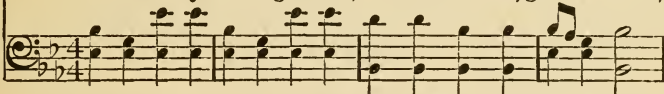
No. 48.

Little Gleaners.

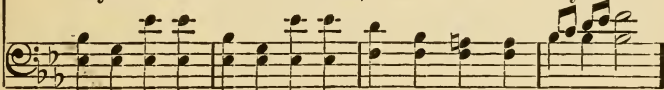
Dr. S. B. JACKSON.



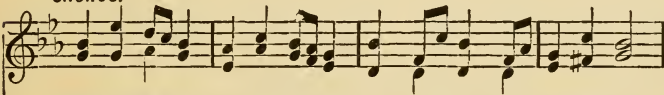
1. We are on-ly lit-tle gleaners, As our lit - tle sheaf will tell;
2. We are on-ly lit-tle gleaners, Stronger arms had gone be-fore,
3. We are on-ly lit-tle gleaners, But our Sav - ior, good and kind,



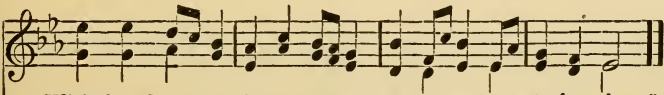
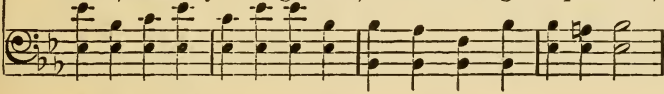
But we followed near the reapers, And we gath - ered all that fell.
 Carry-ing in the gold-en harvest To en - rich the Master's store.
 Always smiles when children serve Him, With the best that they can find.



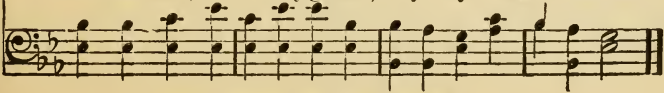
CHORUS.



Savior, bless Thy lit-tle gleaners, And when an-gel reapers come,



With the wheat, within Thy garner, May they find a "welcome home."

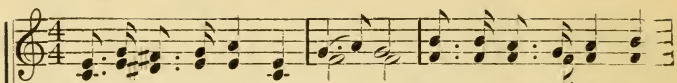


No. 49.

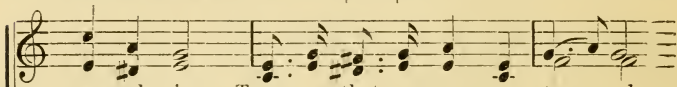
Seeking Treasures.

T. C. N.

Rev. T. C. NEAL.

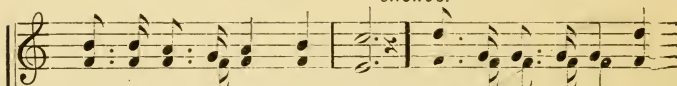


1. We are here to gath-er jew - els, Treasures from the Master's
 2. We are here to learn of Je - sus, Les-sons that will help the
 3. Loving Fa-ther, help us, lead us. In the bless-ed straight and

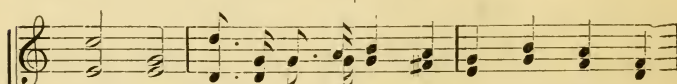


gos - pel mine; Treas-ures that are sure e - ter - nal,
 youthful soul; Les-sons that will make us hap - py,
 nar - row way; Till we gain the prize so pre - cious,

CHORUS.



Giv - en by the King di - vine. }
 While e - ter - nal a - ges roll. } Treasures, priceless, heav'nly
 In the realms of end - less day. }



treas - ures From the bless-ed gos - pel mine we're seek - ing

Seeking Treasures.

Treasures that are sure, e-ter - nal, Giv-en by the King divine.

No. 50.

Little Ones.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Je - sus, when He left the sky, And for sin-ners came to die,
2. Moth-ers then the Sav-ior sought In the plac-es where He taught,
3. Did the Sav-ior say them nay? No! He kindly bade them stay,
4. 'Twas for them His life He gave, To re-deem them from the grave:

In His mer - cy passed not by	Lit-tle ones	like me.
And to Him their children brought,	Lit-tle ones	like me.
Suf-fer'd none to turn a - way	Lit-tle ones	like me.
Je - sus now will glad - ly save	Lit-tle ones	like me.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

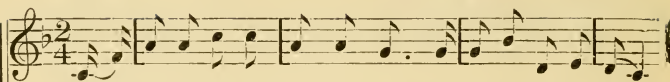
Lit-tle ones,	lit-tle ones,	Lit-tle ones	like me.
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No. 51.

The Future Law-Makers.

W. W. B.

Mrs. W. W. BROWN.



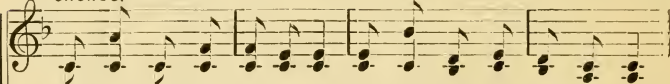
1. I'm a lit-tle 'Loy-al Legion', ^{boy,} ^{girl,} I'm on-ly ten years old,
 2. I don't know much about the curse, But this I know full well:
 3. The broken hearts of mothers dear, The cries of lit-tle ones,
 4. We are coming, coming, one and all, To fight against the wrong;



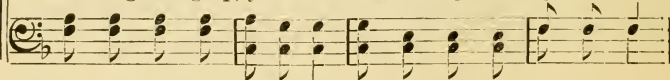
But in the cause of temperance. My name has been enrolled.
 That wine and cider, gin and rum, They never-more should sell
 Plead earnestly for help from us, The daughters and the sons.
 We all are "Loyal Le-gioners," Three hundred thousand strong



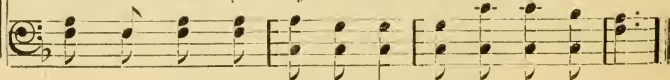
CHORUS.



We are growing up, you sec. And we'll help the temp'rance cause.



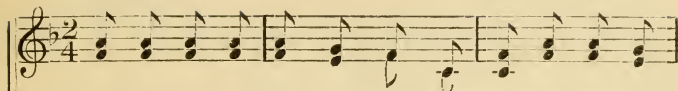
When we're twenty-one, you know, Then we'll make the laws.



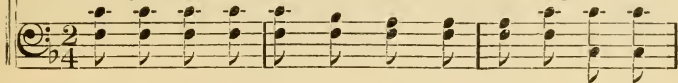
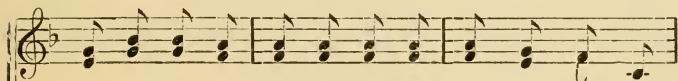
Trusting Jesus.

FRONIA SMITH.

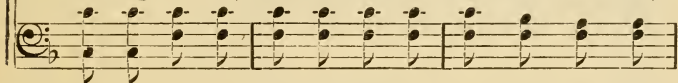
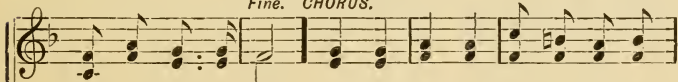
J. H. FILLMORE



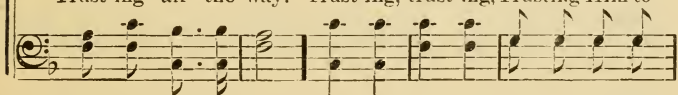
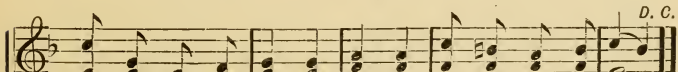
D. C. - 1. We're a band of hap - py chil - dren, Trust-ing Je - sus,
 2. Zi - on's hill we're brave-ly climb - ing, Trust-ing Je - sus,
 3. Naught can fright us, naught can harm us, Trust-ing Je - sus,

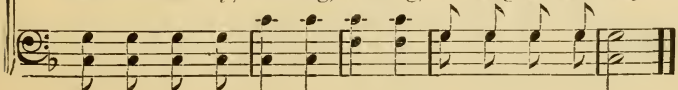
trust-ing Je - sus, On the way that leads to heav - en,
 trust-ing Je - sus, Guid-ed by our glo - rious Cap - tain,
 trust-ing Je - sus, As we march be - neath His ban - ner,


Fine. CHORUS.


Trust-ing all the way. Trust-ing, trust-ing, Trusting Him to

lead us safe - ly, Trusting, trusting, Trusting all the way.

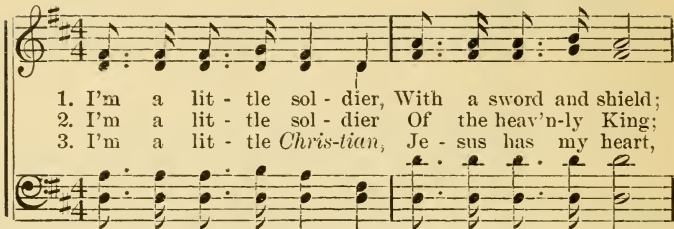


No. 53.

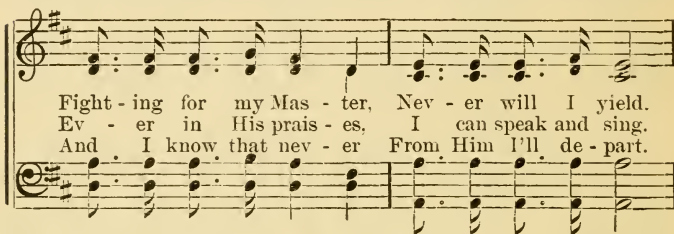
I'm a Little Soldier.

C. BENJ. HOPKINS.

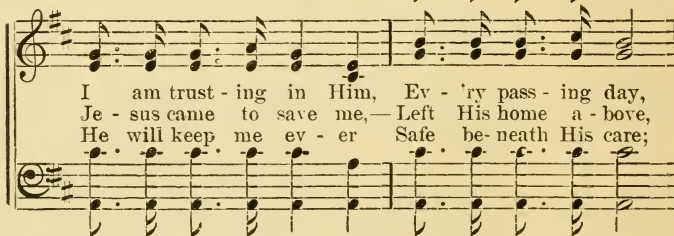
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



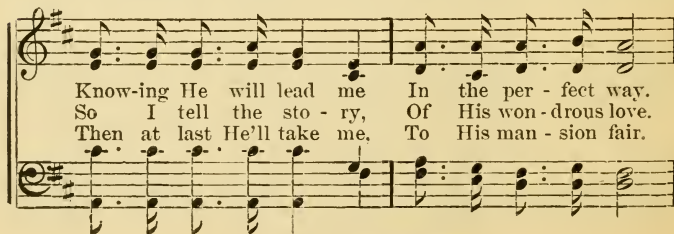
1. I'm a lit - tle sol - dier, With a sword and shield;
 2. I'm a lit - tle sol - dier Of the heav'n-ly King;
 3. I'm a lit - tle *Chris-tian*, Je - sus has my heart,



Fight - ing for my Mas - ter, Nev - er will I yield.
 Ev - er in His prais - es, I can speak and sing.
 And I know that nev - er From Him I'll de - part.



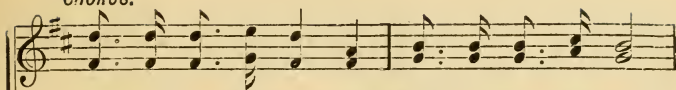
I am trust - ing in Him, Ev - 'ry pass - ing day,
 Je - sus came to save me, — Left His home a - bove,
 He will keep me ev - er Safe be - neath His care;



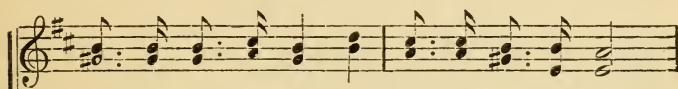
Know - ing He will lead me In the per - fect way.
 So I tell the sto - ry, Of His won - drous love.
 Then at last He'll take me, To His man - sion fair.

I'm a Little Soldier. Concluded.

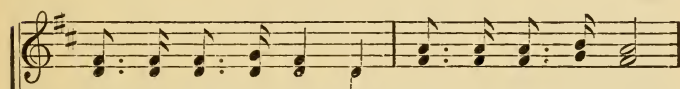
CHORUS.



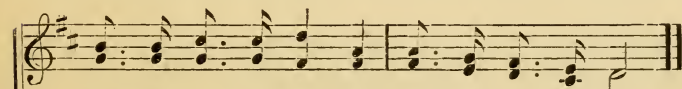
I'm a lit - tle sol - dier, With a sword and shield;



Fight - ing for my Mas - ter, Nev - er will I yield.



I am trust - ing in Him, Ev - 'ry pass - ing day,



Know - ing He will lead me In the per - fect way.

No. 54. Twinkle, Twinkle, Christmas Star.

J. S. NORRIS.

1. Twink-le, twink-le, Christmas star! Who can tell me what you are?
2. When the gold-en day is done, And the night is just be-gun,
3. When the night grows dark and chill, Then you shine more bright and still.
4. Lit-tle star, with you I'd shine, To His praise who is di-vine;

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 4/4. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written on the upper staff, and the accompaniment is on the lower staff.

Up a-bove the world so high, Like a dia-mond in the sky?
Then I'll wait and watch for you, As you twink-le thro' the blue.
And your kind-ly watch you keep While the lit-tle chil-dren sleep.
Je-sus is our glo-rious King, For Him children love to sing.

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It also consists of two staves in treble and bass clef with a key signature of one sharp and a time signature of 4/4.

CHORUS.

Always show your bright, clear light, Shine and sparkle thro' the night;

The third system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. It consists of two staves in treble and bass clef with a key signature of one sharp and a time signature of 4/4.

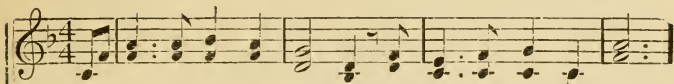
Twink-le, twink-le, lit-tle star, How I won-der what you are.

The fourth system of music concludes the piece. It consists of two staves in treble and bass clef with a key signature of one sharp and a time signature of 4/4.

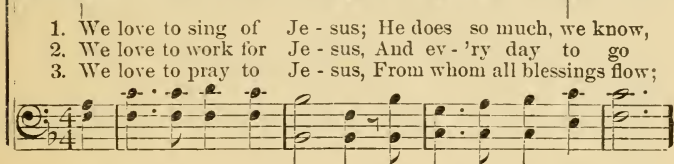
No. 55.

Because He Loves Us so.

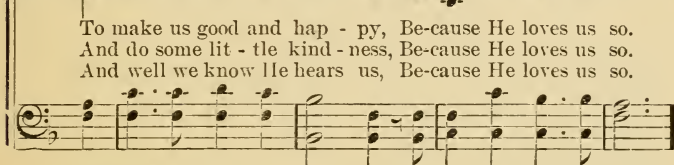
CHAS. E. NEAL.



1. We love to sing of Je - sus; He does so much, we know,
2. We love to work for Je - sus, And ev - 'ry day to go
3. We love to pray to Je - sus, From whom all blessings flow;



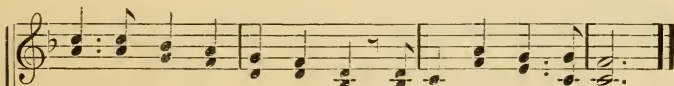
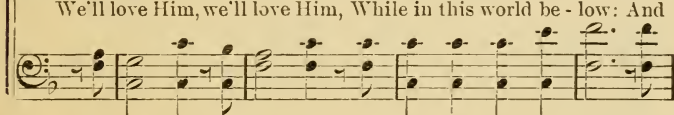
To make us good and hap - py, Be-cause He loves us so.
And do some lit - tle kind - ness, Be-cause He loves us so.
And well we know He hears us, Be-cause He loves us so.



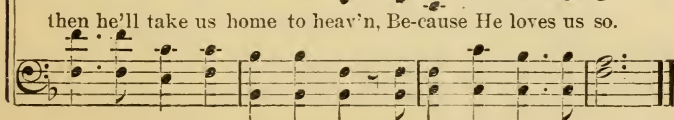
CHORUS.



We'll love Him, we'll love Him, While in this world be - low: And



then he'll take us home to heav'n, Be-cause He loves us so.

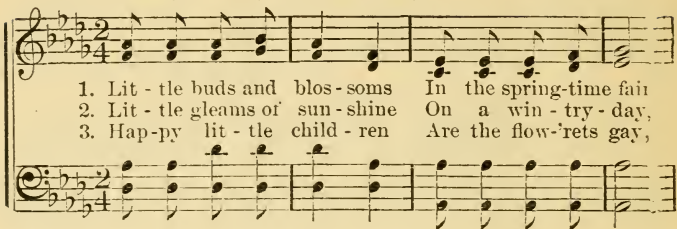


No. 56.

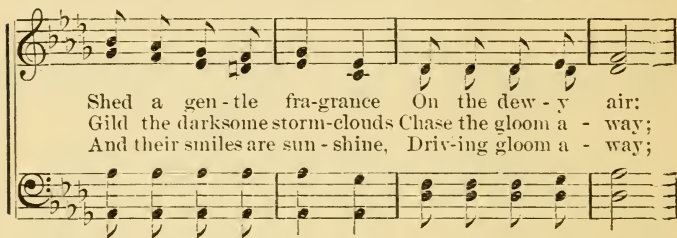
Flowers and Sunshine.

H. G. JACKSON, D. D. (For Children's Day.)

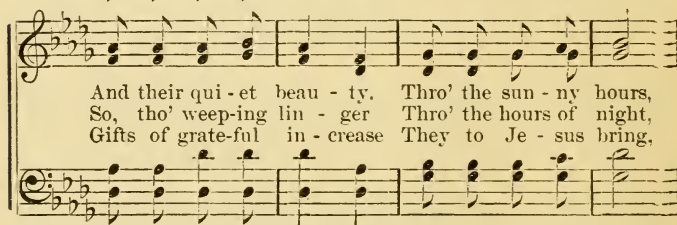
W. S. NICKLE.



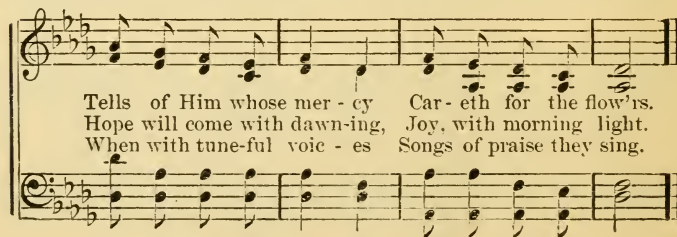
1. Lit - tle buds and blos - soms In the spring-time fair
 2. Lit - tle gleams of sun - shine On a win - try - day,
 3. Hap - py lit - tle child - ren Are the flow - rets gay,



Shed a gen - tle fra - grance On the dew - y air;
 Gild the darksome storm-clouds Chase the gloom a - way;
 And their smiles are sun - shine, Driv - ing gloom a - way;



And their qui - et beau - ty. Thro' the sun - ny hours,
 So, tho' weep - ing lin - ger Thro' the hours of night,
 Gifts of grate - ful in - crease They to Je - sus bring,



Tells of Him whose mer - cy Car - eth for the flow'rs.
 Hope will come with dawn - ing, Joy, with morning light.
 When with tune - ful voic - es Songs of praise they sing.

No. 57.

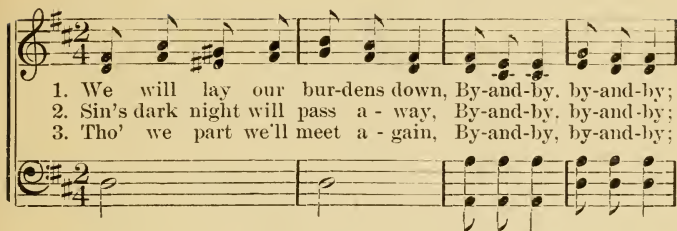
In Sweet By-and-by.

I. N. McH.

DUET.

I. N. McHose.

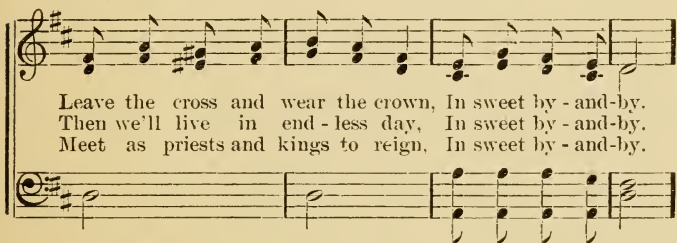
CHORUS.



1. We will lay our bur-dens down, By-and-by, by-and-by;
 2. Sin's dark night will pass a - way, By-and-by, by-and-by;
 3. Tho' we part we'll meet a - gain, By-and-by, by-and-by;

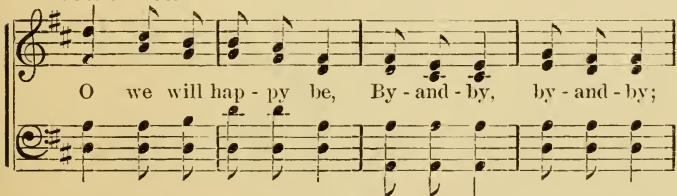
DUET.

CHORUS.

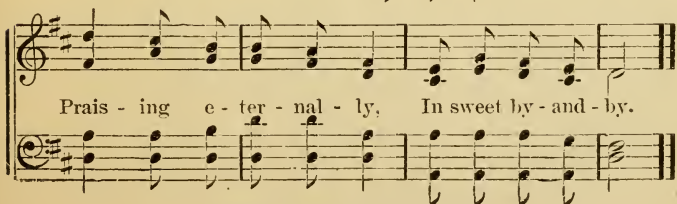


Leave the cross and wear the crown, In sweet by - and-by.
 Then we'll live in end - less day, In sweet by - and-by.
 Meet as priests and kings to reign, In sweet by - and-by.

FULL CHORUS.



O we will hap - py be, By - and - by, by - and - by;



Prais - ing e - ter - nal - ly, In sweet by - and - by.

INDEX.

	No.		No.
An Evening Prayer.....	17	Let the little Children come..	20
Because He loves us so.....	55	Little Bobolink	28
Bless us Children now.....	44	Little Branches	1
Branches of the Vine.....	2	Little Christian Soldiers.....	36
Bright Angels.....	38	Little Gleaners....	48
Busy little Gleaners.....	12	Little Ones	50
Can Jesus use my heart.....	40	Little Reapers.....	8
Christmas Carol.....	43	Little Soldiers	3
Consecration Hymn.....	18	Little Stars.....	35
Do no sinful action.....	10	Little Temples....	45
Even the Waifs of the Street..	4	Love the Truth.....	30
Flowers and Sunshine.....	56	Meet me over there	22
Future Law-makers.....	51	Our hearts o'erflow	7
Golden Days.....	11	Our King.....	34
Happy little Lambs are we...	32	Prayer.....	25
He loves me so.....	42	Room in Thine arms.....	26
He loves me, too.....	5	Seeking Treasures.....	49
In Sweet By-and-by.....	57	The Children's Friend.....	34
I know what I'll do.....	19	The Lesson of Nature.....	46
I'm a little Soldier.....	53	The Little Lord Jesus.....	21
In the Sunshine.....	41	The Lord's Prayer. (<i>Chant</i>)..	37
Jesus, Gentle Shepherd.....	31	The Lord's Prayer.....	14
Jesus, Help me.....	13	The Savior's Invitation.....	15
Jesus, I come to Thee.....	9	The Sweetest Song.....	39
Jesus' Little Ones.....	6	Trusting Jesus.....	52
Jesus, Our Friend.....	29	Twinkle, Christmas Star....	54
Jesus, Savior dear to me.....	27	What I would not be.....	24
Jesus will bear me o'er.....	47	What need of Thee.....	16
		What would come to pass....	23

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